Allergies

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Allergies

by Anonymous

Summary

He just wanted to look up the pollen count; not find out his brother's Pornhub search history. Oops.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Pollen count.

That's all he intended to look up on Ford's computer, 'cause his was broken and shit, and he didn't really worry about finding some, some freaky shit, alright? His brother was a nerd, Stan could've only assumed that he'd have, like, chemical reaction bullshit in the search tab, not-

Not, well.

Pornhub.

Alright, they're both teenagers, that's- it's normal, right? But that thought doesn't help much, considering the way his jaw drops when it auto fills the search bar, in big bold letters. He hears Ford practically jump up right behind him when he sees it, too.

So, to deflect an awkward situation, Stan keeps typing, and enters 'pollen count today' without blinking. His heart hammers in his chest, but Ford doesn't have to know he saw that. It'd be useless to hang it over his head. Frankly, having Pornhub on his computer is the most normal thing Stan's seen from Ford.

So he pretends he hasn't seen it.

"Ugh, great, you see this, Sixer? That's why I'm snifflin' and shit today. Allergies. No flu." He elbows him, and Ford looks a bit like a deer in headlights, eyes widened and pupils tiny, but after a few moments, he blinks a few times, and eventually chuckles nervously. Odd reaction, but Ford is inherently odd, so Stan just chuckles.

"Right. I assumed so." Ford says, in that stupid nerdy way he did, patting Stan's shoulder as he brushed past him.

Stan thinks he'll get past it. He should, after all, Pornhub's one of his most viewed sites as well- uh, probably - if he didn't clear his search history every, like, five days, but he doesn't get past it.

He can't, for some reason. He just… keeps thinking about it.

More specifically; he keeps thinking about what his brother would look for.

It's an odd thought, invasive and frankly a little uncomfortable, but he can't stop wondering.

What would he be into? Blondes? Brunettes? Short haired, long haired? Shaved? Unshaved? Big tits, small?

Would he look for amateur videos or professionally done ones?

Knowing Ford, probably the staged ones.

He shouldn't know that, probably, but it's pretty easy to guess, right? He always liked-methodically done shit, and stuff.

Or, actually, maybe he'd like the amateur, shaky videos, because that was authentic.

Would he look for certain positions? Blowjobs, maybe, or girls spreading their legs for the camera?

So, it's safe to say - not really safe, it's pretty dangerous - that Stan can't stop thinking about it. His preferences and such. He's curious, could he be blamed for that? Simple curiosity?

Sure, curiosity killed the cat, or some shit like that, but Stan never believed in stupid sayings like that.

So when Ford's out on some, some kinda thing he won't tell him about (he knows it's going in the woods and collecting bullshit about some creature or something, like bigfoot or something stupid like that) and his parents are out, he snatches Ford's laptop (doesn't, he leaves it on the desk and carefully hovers his fingers over the keyboard for a good three minutes before entering the password he knows by heart) and pries open a new tab.

He sits there staring at it for a minute. Wonders if he's doing the right thing.

He isn't, but.

But, there's a but, isn't there? There always seems to be one. He goes over to the three little dots in the corner, half hopes that Ford also clears his search history (he's smart enough for that, right?) and clicks on his history.

A lot of it is in fact just sciencey-bullshit, along with the sparse searches about entities and creatures and… apparently diseases that deers had, or something?

Stan almost loses himself to interest towards those searches, somehow, till he shakes his head and refocuses himself.

Types in Pornhub in the little search bar, and there's quite a few searches that come up. Ford hasn't cleared his search history in a while, apparently. Unfortunately.

Stan swallows hard before finally glancing over to what the videos were really about, and…

Well.

There's that.

Apparently, Ford wasn't looking at a pretty blonde with huge tits, or some unshaved girl spreading her legs for some guy paid to fuck her, no, he's-

He'd looked at, well…

He's gay, or something. 'Cause all of the searches have that in common.

‘Couldn’t help but fuck my male best friend’ One reads, another reads; ‘Amateur gays have virgin sex’.

Alright.

‘Risky jerk off’ and ‘Twink gets railed’ are really the last things Stan would’ve imagined Ford would look at, but, it’s there. And although Stan knows Ford loves research, loves to do stupid fuckin’ things just for research, no matter how odd or repulsive (one time, he inseminated a goldfish with swordfish sperm, just for research) but Stan really, really doubts Ford would be watching videos like that for… for research.

So, Ford’s gay. That’s… well, it’s fine, isn’t it? Stan shouldn’t have even pried. Should’ve let him tell him when he was comfortable about it, instead of Stan finding out about it by sneakily seeing Ford’s Pornhub inquires.

It’s not like Ford will know he knows, though, but maybe that’s even worse, ‘cause he’ll have to keep that secret to himself. He’ll have to, well, uh, try not to see him differently.

He guesses it won’t be too hard to avoid that. He has six fingers and an odd un-endable interest in entities and science. What was being gay on top of all that? Another drop in the well- or, whatever the saying was, right?

It’s not until Stan’s about to close out of the window and act like he’s never seen a thing related to Ford’s computer in his life when he spots ‘Shy step-brother takes cock’.

It makes him freeze. He shouldn’t freeze, it’s- it’s normal, isn’t it?

After all, well, uh, Stan’s watched plenty of step-sister porn in his life, even if he didn’t really think about the trope in depth, just clicking on it if the girl on the thumbnail was hot. Maybe that was Ford’s thought process as well, right?

He glances down. There’s a few more just like it. Stan scrolls down.

There’s a lot more, and then, it’s almost all of them that include ‘step-brother’ somewhere in the title.

That’s… normal? Right?

Stan sits back in the chair, chews his nails for a few moments before deciding, fuck it, and clicking on one. The video starts up. Doesn’t play till he hits the button, and that stupid intro plays. Then, it’s onto the real thing.

They’re both brunettes; one’s skinner, a lot skinnier, more than Ford (why is he thinking about that?) and they’re on a bed. Obviously, right?

It’s a decent angle. Stan frowns. He’s seen gay porn, like, once. It’s still as foreign as he thought it was back when he watched it the first time. The guy on top, heavier, strokes his dick for a few moments, sighing in some kinda relief as he pushes the tip of his cock against the smaller guy’s ass. He teases him a bit, then pushes in. The one on the bottom squirms.

Stan thinks he's seen enough. He clicks out of the tab hurriedly, deleting the new history that tauntingly showed he'd just watched that, and shuts the laptop down, like he just saw Ford staring at him in horror.

He didn't. Ford's still long gone, and his parents are still out.

It doesn't stop the red hot burning fear that crawls up his skin and scalds his face when he feels his dick half-hard in his plaid boxers, his hands crumpling up to make a white-knuckled fist.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, alright. That wasn't good, was it? He's not gay. So. There's that. There's also the fact that, well, that was a video on Ford's computer, that he watched, that he probably got off to. Also the fact that those two were- they were 'step-brothers'.

Stan jumps out of Ford's stiff, wooden chair like he's been burnt by it, and flops onto his bed, laying down flat and looking up at the upper bunk - Ford's bed - stomach warm and twisting and fluttering.

He lays there, willing his boner to go the fuck away before his parents, or God forbid, Ford gets back, but it doesn't.

It only gets worse as the intrusive thoughts smack his mind. Thoughts about the video, about-

About Ford watching it. God, it's stupid. It really is. He shouldn't get like this over a gay porn video. And certainly not over thinking about Ford, because, fuck, holy shit? He's not gay, nor is he into his /twin/ brother.

He lays there for another good five minutes, till he's straining in his stupid loose boxers and his head fucking aches.

Finally, he reaches down, slipping his hand down past his waistband and wrapping his hand around his dick, breath hissed between clenched teeth as he finally gets some relief.

Definitely not thinking about the video, he begins to stroke himself, mind empty as he tries to focus on the feeling instead of, well, thinking about, uh— it.

It works well, fine, till he does think about it, thinks about the skinny guy and imagines him as Ford, laid down on his back staring up at him with those wide doe eyes and six fingers grasped at his shirt for some kinda reassurance.

It makes his stomach drop and his hand freeze to squeeze around his cock for a moment, breath speeding up.

God, he couldn't think about shit like that. Not now, holy shit. What the fuck was wrong with him?

He wonders. Then, he continues.

Running his hand up and down he thinks about… nothing. Again, tries to. Ignores the thoughts about Ford, because those were just the run-of-the-mill intrusive thoughts, probably,

and ignores that he gets significantly closer when he tilts his head to look over at his brother's desk.

He wonders when Ford got the time to jerk off. Wonders if he ever did it in the same room with him, and, oh, that sends him over the edge, suddenly, Stan's breath hitching as he came, his cum hitting his stomach and running down his hand, and oh god.

Ah, fuck. That's not good. Not good, not good, really not good, because he shouldn't have been thinking about his brother, not- well, not like that, not when he- when he…

Even if they were intrusive thoughts (which he now doubts, clear minded and sullied with cum) it really wasn't good, and if Ford were to ever find out-

God, if Ford found out, Stan would probably die instantly. Heart attack, stroke, whatever.

It's, err, embarrassing. Stan swipes up most of the cum left on his stomach and stands up with a wince, feeling abhorrent as he goes to the bathroom and washes off his hands.

Still, his mind wanders.

Why did Ford look at all that stuff in the first place? The genre-

Step-brothers. Clearly, it was for a reason, right? It couldn't be what Stan was thinking, because that-

Well, that was just illogical. Ford never showed any… anything like, uh, well, any-

Any interest in him. Other than brotherly. So, there's that.

It doesn't explain why he had such an interest in 'brother' porn. Everyone knew that 'step-brother' was just a veil for a legal incest kink.

So, um, yeah. There's that. No explanation for anything. And he won't ask Ford. There's a lot of things he'd do, he's got thicker skin than anyone else he knows, but he can't do that. Can't say 'Hey Poindexter, you into me or somethin'? I saw your porn search history and jerked off after that!' well, 'cause fuck, no thanks.

Ford does come back, oblivious and with sticks in his hair, and Stan can't help but laugh, despite everything.

Ford's face burns, and he picks the sticks out of his hair, but goes right to journaling, as he always does. Stan stares at the back of him for a few moments. His carefully styled hair all ruffled up, clothes a bit tattered and dirty from the outdoors, the slimness he kept from… well, avoiding sports and being one of those 'starving artists' in a… journaling way.

Stan feels his face warm up and he feels abruptly sick. He clears his throat because it's starting to tighten up and he looks down at a book he's half-way through. He picks it up. It's a comic book. He reads it, just to keep his mind off… of… well, the whole situation. Ford doesn't notice a thing. It's good.

Yeah, it's good.

It's good, till it's not.

It's been a week, and Stan's still thinking about it. He can't help it, it's so fucking stupid. Every time Ford crawls up to his top bunk-bed Stan thinks and thinks and thinks about the fact that maybe, possibly, he's jerking off up there.

And yeah, holy fucking shit, he shouldn't be thinking about that.

It doesn't stop him from thinking about it, though.

So at the end of the week, he slips in Ford's chair again. It's a bad decision, but he does.

He looks at his search history, and lo and behold; there's more step-brother porn there.

It makes Stan's gut twist and turn and his face turn bright red, and he doesn't dare to watch the videos this time, only slamming it shut again and taking a few deep breaths.

Alright. That's… uh.

He doesn't have to be a genius to get what it insinuates. Sure, he's been pushing that idea, uh, away, but, it's literally- it can't not be what he's thinking, right?

Ford's gay; yeah, Stan's got that.

He's into his brother. Aka, him.

Right. Stan doesn't get that.

He's… okay with the ladies. He puts on a veiled confidence and he does sports and shit and girls flock to him - uh, usually. He does okay.

That's 'cause he's faking it till he makes it. And sometimes he fakes it even around his brother. But Ford knows the real him.

So Stan… really, really doesn't understand how it's even possible that Ford…

God, he can't even think about it. Ford, liking him? More than as a brother?

Like, sexually into him, or some crazy shit like that?-

It freaks him out. But he keeps thinking about it, because he's a dumbass like that, yeah, all his problems are probably because he's a dumbass, and that's fine with him.

"Stanley?"

Stan blinks a few times, tilts his head to look over at his brother.

"Uh, yeah, sorry. Was thinkin'. What's up?"

“I fixed your computer for you.”

Silence.

Ford clicks his tongue, rolling his eyes.

“No, no, wait! Thanks, man. It means a ton. Now I don’t have to use your shitty science computer.”

He softens a little at that, smirking before shaking his head.

“It was no problem. I, I’m gonna go out, but here it is?” He offers his laptop to him, and Stan takes it gratefully, brushing his fingers.

“Yeah, I’ll see ya later?”

“Obviously.” Ford says with an awkward smile, stepping back before grabbing his journal and taking off.

Stan stares at the empty space in the room that Ford had left, then glances down at his computer. It’s fixed. Stan turns it on, and yeah, it is fixed.

He wonders how on earth Ford has the smarts for that, but doesn’t even bother to delete his browsing history. A moron who’s a genius; truly one of a kind.

He does a little doom scrolling till he’s bored and boredom leads to… well, the obvious, the thing that’s been on his mind for a while.

He goes to Pornhub. Damn the website.

He already feels a little feverish as his eyes dart away from the homepage, sweat beading at his forehead. There’s girls with their tits out, cunt on display for anyone to see. Yeah, alright.

He looks back at the many thumbnails, clicks on one.

She’s really pretty. Blonde long hair, dumb and needy.

It doesn’t do it for him. God, he wants it to, he gets hard - so it must do… something for him, right? But he can’t- he just can’t get off to it.

He sucks in a breath, moving the cursor to the search tab.

He shouldn’t. Fuck, he really shouldn’t.

He does, though, of course he does; he’s never been one for smart decisions, unlike his twin, and he smacks on the keys ‘step-brother’ after hitting the gay category, gritting his teeth as far too many popped up.

There’s a lot to choose from, but he eventually settles for one that was similar to Ford’s; two brunettes, but they had more of a similar body type than the one Ford had watched.

It's different, more staged. The guy- feminine? Bottom? Whatever they were called, he's on his knees, sucking off the other guy. He looks… well, it's a sight. It doesn't do too much for Stan, that is, until he starts thinking of Ford, Ford like that, on his knees, looking up at him. Stan twitches.

God, he's sick. But, well, uh, Ford is too, right? He's the one that started this whole… fiasco. Granted, he did keep it to himself, and he didn't do anything weird to Stan, like, ever, but he was still the one who looked at pseudo-incest porn, and that's bad enough, probably.

The guy gags on his dick, pulling off with a spit trail shining and breaking. He looks up at the camera with glinting eyes, drool running down his chin. Stan swallows hard. Bites the inside of his cheek, hard.

It fades to them in a different position, the guy on top manhandling the bottom on top of him, forcing him down on his dick. Stan watches how the smaller guy gasps, as he takes the other guy's dick.

It shouldn't be hot, 'cause, Stan isn't, he isn't gay, but thinking about doing that to Ford, or, well, having Ford in that way, it's- it shouldn't be hot either, but it is.

Stan takes out his dick, giving a few half-hearted strokes. Chews on the inside of his cheek as he watches the guy bottom out, breathing slowly till the other guy starts pounding into him. It's a bit- well, it's not really Stan's taste, even in videos with girls, he prefers slower, shocker, he knows, but-

But if he thinks about Ford…

Fuck. He hates how he speeds up his hand at that, tilting his head back and taking a few shaky breaths, lungs aching, stomach lurching as he rubs his thumb against his leaking tip.

The bed shakes as they fuck, showing a little more of a close up, and Stan can see the smaller guy's dick, hard and leaking just from… being fucked, and God, that's a thought.

Stan shuts the tab and jerks off to his thoughts instead, and comes embarrassingly quickly.

He cleans himself up, as he always does, and berates himself mentally. He wonders if Ford does that to himself too.

He wonders if he's hallucinating, or something, or tricking himself into believing it, because, yeah, even though Ford has that on his computer, continuously, what if- like, it is for an experiment?

With Ford, one could never truly know.

He grabs his computer, deletes the history instantly, and sets it aside on his bed. Ford comes back surprisingly fast, and it's a bit jarring - he just came to the thought of him, so, there's that hanging over his head.

"That was- that was fast, huh?" Stan offers, nearly bumping his head into the upper bunk. Ford shrugs, setting his book down.

“I found it wasn’t the optima- right time.” He says, coughing once. Stan hums, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly.

“What were you looking for?”

Ford perks his head up, blinking at him a few times.

“You’re… actually interested?”

“Uh, sure, why not? Can’t I be interested in my brother’s… err… en… en, uh-”

“Endeavors?”

“Yup! That’s the one.” Stan grins, poking him with his elbow. Ford rolls his eyes with a close lip smile.

“Sure you can, I’ve just never seen you interested. Well, I was-”

It’s a long conversation, with Stan occasionally butting in and asking ‘stupid’ questions, according to Ford. But it’s nice. And Stan only thinks about— about, uh, that, once. Not twice. Just once, so, that’s a good sign, right?

It’s good till the conversation derails, and then;

“Were you using my computer?”

“What? I- uh, why would you think that? Haha- ‘course not!” Stan stammers, grinning unnaturally widely. Ford frowns at him.

“There were very obvious crumbs on my seat, Stanley.”

Stan blinks a few times. Ah. Right, he had been eating toffee peanuts earlier. Probably got a few crumbs on him. Fuck.

“Right… I just, needed… to… ah… look for pollen!”

“..Really?”

“Yup! You know me! Pollen! But I have my computer back, thanks to my nerdy brother, so that’s all over with.”

Ford nods slowly. Like he’s analyzing him. He probably is, really.

“Alright. That’s fine, I just don’t need you snooping.”

“Pfft, what, me?! Snooping?! I- uh, no way! I- I gotta get some cereal!” Stan shouts at the end, practically flying out of the room. Ford stands there, blinking a few times in shock.

Stan… does actually get cereal. Eats it in his room, while Ford scribbles down stuff in that dumb book of his, acting like nothing happened.

Which is fantastic, really, just a bit irritating, if that.

Another week goes by. Stan's having trouble… sleeping.

He thinks a lot more than he used to. About Ford, that is. Which kinda sucks, but that's that.

He thinks that if anyone else found out that their twin was looking at incest porn, they'd be freaked out too, right?

A better man would confront his brother. Stan isn't a better man. He's just… Stan.

So he stays in his bed, staring at the upper bunk. It's wooden; they've grown out of it years ago. They still fit, obviously, but it's a tight fit. Sometimes Stan thinks about it breaking, but with how light Ford is, it's probably not gonna happen any time soon.

There's a faint noise that grabs Stan's attention, just as he's nearly about to fall asleep. It's Ford shifting, presumably, unless there's a demon in the room.

The sheets rustle for a moment, then there's silence. Stan glances at the wall next to him. There's a few relatively new posters plastered on it, and a dart board, the darts missing, somewhere in the room, presumably.

Stan blinks a few times when he hears something else; Ford's breath, a little heavier. Well.

The sheets are rustling a little, too.

He's either having a nightmare, or…

Well, that'd explain why he never heard him jerk off. He's sure Ford's heard him before, with how blasé he /used/ to be about it; but nowadays he usually did his thing in the shower, or when he was home alone.

Ford was never home alone, and his showers were as short as his dinner. So, uh, to clarify; short.

He listens, listens to Ford's breath get heavier, and he can imagine it, his mouth slightly parted to get enough air, his knees pulled up as he laid down, fisting his dick-

Oh, fuck.

Stan was one sick bastard.

But Ford doing that in the same room- damn, that's something he never imagined. Stan didn't even know he had the time for it till he found his search history, which, well, had to indicate that he had some time to jerk off. Who the hell looks at porn without any intent?

"Ford?"

Ah, fuck. He should've thought it through. As soon as the name spills from his lips, he feels his face grow red. He can hear Ford freeze.

“What the hell are you doing awake?” Ford hisses out, and Stan’s skin burns, prickles. He never swears.

“My bad for being unable to fall asleep, dick.” Stan mutters, and Ford shifts in his bed, presumably sitting up,

“I didn’t mean it like that.” He says, a little remorseful, and yeah, he’s sitting up, Stan can tell from his voice. He rolls his eyes. Ford’s too easy, too, uh, empathetic, really.

“Yeah, yeah.”

“…Sorry.” Ford almost /whimpers/, and something in Stan’s gut twists. He swallows roughly.

“No, it’s fine, how many times have ‘ya caught me, am I right?”

“Ugh, don’t start, Stanley.” Ford says, voice muffled. He’s probably running his hand down his face. Stan hates that he knows all his little mannerisms.

There’s a little bit of silence. Ford’s laptop is still at the desk, shut off.

“So… uh… just… doin’ it to nothing?”

“Stanley!”

“Sorry, sorry!”

There’s a little bit of silence.

“Yes, if you must know.”

“Pfft, I was joking, Ford, but I can tell, your laptop’s off.”

“Ugh…”

Stan sits up in his bed as well, shifting his legs. Ah. He’s half-hard. That’s… not good.

“Looking at that girl next to you?” Stan giggles, thinking about Ford staring at that poster that Stan insisted he hang up; a cute brunette with long hair, tan lines, an obviously photoshopped body. Ford thumps the bed in irritation.

“Jesus, Stanley, shut up!” He says, clearly embarrassed, without much venom. Stan grins to himself.

“So you were?”

“No!”

Stan’s grin fades, ‘cause he thinks about it, and, well.

Maybe he was thinking about him. That’s a weird thought to have. Stan pushes back his hair.

“Girl from school?” He offers, and Ford huffs.

“I actually don’t want to talk about it, if you haven’t noticed by now.”

Stan can’t help but snort at that.

“I get it, I get it, just curious what my brother’s type is.”

A little more silence, and Ford sighs.

That’s all Stan gets, so he pries more, because, frankly, he’s awful like that,

“Are you gay?”

“W-What?” Ford stammers out, shock and fear in his voice. Stan doesn’t know what to think, or say about that, but, he knows he’s gay.

“I’m not gonna be mad, I swear! It’s just, you never took any interest in girls from our school, so, uh. Maybe it is ‘cause you’re busy a ton, but… err… yeah.” Stan shrugs, to himself, and waits for an answer.

“I guess.” Ford admits, and Stan sits there for a while. He doesn’t respond, ‘cause, fuck, what do you say to that? He knew it, but hearing Ford say it; it really solidifies it.

And it… well, it sorta proves that the searches were, uh, intended, and not for research. But Stan should’ve known that already.

“Anyone you have in mind?”

“Stanley… just stop prying, alright? I don’t ask you about your… relationships.” Ford says, stuck-up and stuffy as always. Stan really can’t figure out why the idea of him on his knees is appealing in the slightest, he’s such a jackass sometimes, it should turn him off to it- if the fact that he’s his twin brother and a man wasn’t enough.

Stan scoffs, letting himself fall back onto his side, staring at the wall.

He dips his hand below his waistband.

There’s silence, so, he’s not sure if Ford’s been too irritated or embarrassed by the whole fiasco, but Stan’s not easily deterred by that, so he wraps his finger around his dick, wondering how six fingers would feel around it.

There’s silence. Lot’s of it, and Stan thinks maybe he’s fallen asleep.

“…Stanley?”

He comes far too fast with his breath caught in his throat, spilling on his hand and stomach. He swallows the excess saliva.

“Are you?-”

“Shut up.” Stan replies, and Ford does.

The next day is a little awkward, but they return back to normal in a matter of days. It feels like they’re both pretending, but Stan has no idea what goes through his brother’s head. It could be that he genuinely forgot about it, or doesn’t care, or, or-

But, those videos, well. He’s probably thinking about it, a lot. Stan doesn’t even consider approaching him about the topic. It wouldn’t go over well. Ford would know he snooped - he’d be pissed, and Stan doesn’t really know what he wants, if he’s tricking himself into feeling like, uh, this, for Ford, or if it’s teenage hormones, or some crazy mental disorder thing, so he won’t say anything, won’t dare.

He knows Ford better than he knows himself - uh… well, usually - so he knows how he’ll freak out, probably shut himself away for a while, even though they shared a bedroom. Maybe he’d sleep in the closet (ironic, yeah?) or on the couch. One never knew with Ford.

So Stan keeps his mouth sealed shut, doesn’t mention it, won’t, of course, unless his brother does—

And he does.

It’s not in the way he thinks; he doesn’t really think about a way that Ford would tell him, but he certainly hadn’t expected it to be that way.

Stan’s kissing some girl. She- well, she’s not some girl, she’s Carla McCorkle, they’re… dating? Or something like that. Yeah. She’s pretty. She’s got a nice tan, she’s curvy in all the right places. Nice tits too. He likes the way she feels, her soft lips, sweet perfume.

Ford’s supposed to be gone for a few hours, out with a friend - shocking, really - and their parents are… out. As they usually are.

His breath hitches when she moves her hips against him, grinding against his dick through his pants, and fuck, he’s so hard, he just wants to fuck her.

There’s no condoms, so, yeah, that’s probably not happening, but God, she feels good.

“Fuck, do that again.” He grits out, and she does.

He imagines Ford, in his lap-

Oh God. He swallows, looks at her. Her eyes are half lidded, and she’s smiling nervously, face red and bottom lip previously bit, red and swollen. He kisses her again.

“Stanley?” A voice calls, and Stan nearly throws her off him, jerking back and bumping his head against the top bunk.

“Ow, shit.” He gasps, and she scrambles off him, looking a little frazzled herself.

“Who’s that?” She asks, nervously. He shakes his head, rubbing the back of his head before shoving two hands between his legs, hopefully successfully hiding his obvious erection, “Just

my brother."

"Oh," She relaxes a little, "Ford?"

"Yup. That's him." He grumbles a bit, just a little irritated he's cock-blocking him. Not like he'd get anywhere, considering they don't have condoms, but, uh, he never did take sex-ed, so, was unprotected sex that bad?-

"In here, but I'm a little busy, Ford." Stan calls, and Ford's footsteps stop. He clears his throat nervously. Stan feels a little guilty.

"Alright. I have to take a shower anyway, can I uh, come in there in… ten minutes?"

Stan knows he doesn't take a ten minute shower, ever. It's more like four or five minutes. And Stan frankly doesn't know how he manages.

"Yeah, alright, sounds good." Stan says, and she giggles a little as Ford walks away.

"Well, I should probably go, Stan…"

That's right. She calls him Stan; almost everyone does, except for Ford.

It means something, he guesses.

"Yeah, um, probably. I'll… see you later?"

She smiles, giving him a kiss. It gets a little open mouthed before she pulls back, smiling again, winking before leaving. He thinks that looks a little unnatural, but she's just hot enough to get away with it. She leaves pretty silently, and Stan can hear the water running.

He doesn't jerk off, instead sitting down on his bed and flipping on his laptop. It's slow. He has too many games downloaded on it, but he's not about to uninstall a single one.

The shower's over in five minutes, just like Stan's memorized, and he knows he has to get up and tell the poor bastard.

"Not busy anymore," He calls from the bed, just because he's lazy, "you can come out, Ford."

And so Ford does, entering their room and heading for his desk before pausing, looking over at Stan with a cocked eyebrow. Stan looks up.

"What?"

"Was… someone here?"

"You mean a girl?" Stan huffs, rolling his eyes. Ford stares blankly.

"Yes, sixer, there was a girl over. No, I didn't fuck her."

"God, Stanley, I did not ask that." He sighs, running a hand through his slightly damp hair with irritation. Stan stares.

“Well I’m sure you would’ve loved to know.”

“And just what is that supposed to mean?” Ford asks, crossing his arms.

“I don’t know! It’s your room, too, isn’t it?! I mean, damn, Ford, if you bagged a girl I’d wanna know if you had sex with her in here.”

Ford’s face burns red, and Stan has to stop himself from laughing when he snatches his journal, hopping up on the ladder with ease - light bastard - rolling onto his bunkbed. Stan stands up, peering up at him.

“I’m just being honest, man.”

“That’s great, Stan.” Ford huffs, looking away from him. It’s then that Stan notices something.

He’s bruised a little, just a little, just unnoticeable to get away with it if Stan weren’t as observant, right between his jaw and neck.

“Hey, the hell happened to you?” Stan asks, poking the skin there. Ford winces, batting his hand away.

“Nothing, I just… ah, I got in a little… scuffle.”

“Who the fuck did it?”

“Stanley! I-” His face runs red, and Stan’s stomach falls.

Not a fight.

“Did- is that from- did you-”

“I didn’t go that far, you idiot.” Ford finally snaps, sitting up on the bunk bed. Stan presses his lips together in a thin line, taking a small step back. Ford looks down at him with a frown.

Stan feels something disgusting roll in his gut. It’s… angering, a little. He should be happy for him, shouldn’t he? Why doesn’t he feel that? Why does he feel upset?

…Jealous?

The fuck?

“But it’s none of your business, just like… that woman.”

“Hey! Don’t compare that to you, I mean, I-” He shuts his mouth, debating, but continues a second later, “I get around, you know? You- I mean, you’re… smart.”

“I’m smart.” Ford repeats dully, looking at him with irritation. Right. He’s not even into women, for a guy that wanted… well, another guy, Stan knows Ford fit the bill. He was thin, wide eyed, nerdy, he was… cute.

Oh God. Jesus fucking Christ, what the hell was wrong with him?

“Never mind, never mind, Ford. I’m just a little surprised. Who’s the… uh, lucky guy?” He has to stop himself from gritting his teeth as he says the last two words, his blood warming, not in a good way.

“He’s… uh, not important.” Ford clears his throat, “I was simply curious, and I wanted to see what everyone was so interested in, you know?”

“Curious.” Stan repeats, not too unlike Ford just a few moments earlier. Ford waves his hand.

“You know. I never was too interested in the whole… dating scheme. Um… sex, either.” He picks at his finger a little nervously, before clasping them together, face burning red, “I just wanted to understand.”

“Oh.” Stan says, slowly, “You didn’t have sex, though.”

“God. Like I said, Stanley, no, I did not, but I fail to see your interest in that.”

Oh. Right. He probably shouldn’t be acting like this- like a curious- jealous ex or something, what the hell was he even doing?

For some reason, though, he doesn’t stop.

“Come on, I’m just curious. You know? Was he tall?”

“Oh my God, Stanley! Stop asking me about this, alright?”

“No, no, I just wanna know your preference. I mean, you know mine, dont’cha? Blonde hair, big tits, shit like that. Now you.”

Ford stares at him, slack-jawed and cheeks red, and he has to run a hand over his face to cool down for a moment.

“I’m not telling you my preference.”

“Come on! You’ve known mine since we were like, fourteen. So you’re gay, so what? You guys still have types, yeah?”

Why he’s prying like this; he doesn’t know. Maybe he wants him to admit he was looking at —

No, he doesn’t want that. God, everything’s so fucked up. He wishes he never looked at his computer. He never would’ve thought about Ford like this if he hadn’t. He was such a fuck up.

“I… I don’t. I don’t know, just… guys.”

“Oh come on, no type?”

“No, I don’t think so, Stanley.”

Stan rolls his eyes, but backs off, because he’s realized that he wouldn’t know what to do if he did admit anything of the sort.

“Alright, alright, I ain’t gonna ask you nothin’ else.” Stan says, falling onto his own bed.

There’s a good, long, nice minute of silence.

It gets broken relatively fast, though.

“And you…?”

“Me?” Stan replies dumbly, opening his eyes.

“Your type, Stan. Is it really just that? Blondes? Was that how /she/ looked?”

Stan blinks a few times, registering everything.

“She- you mean the girl I just had over?”

“Yes, clearly.” Ford says, clearly a little tired of explaining every semantic to Stan. He shifts on the bed.

“Nah. She’s- Carla. You know her. Brown hair, tan skin.”

If she was blonde with lighter skin, she’d be Stan’s exact type, really. He never knew why he had that specific type; that was just the type of woman he saw in pornos and magazines, really, so he thought that was what he was supposed to be attracted to. He’d be attracted to a blonde girl with big tits if she came up to him, no doubt, but, he thinks someone like Carla is just as attractive.

But girls… they’re…

He’s not gay. He isn’t. But Ford; Ford’s different. God, it’s all so fucked up.

“Oh. Carla?” Ford says, a frown in his voice. “Uh-huh.” Stan replies, crossing his arms as he stares up at the bottom of the top bunk. The wood creaks as Ford moves a little.

“I didn’t know you were… dating her.”

“Eh, I guess you could say we are.” Stan shrugs, and the room falls silent.

“Why didn’t you- ah, I mean… why haven’t you… slept with her?” Ford asks nervously, and Stan frowns.

He thinks for a little bit. He’s had opportunities before; he’s had a condom on him.

This time he didn’t. He wonders if he would’ve if he did have one. He was hard, he was thinking deliriously ‘cause, fuck, he had a pretty woman in his lap, ready to take him - assumedly.

“Didn’t have a condom.” Stan says, and Ford actually laughs. It’s nice. Stan fails to make him laugh nowadays, most of the time.

“What’s so funny?” Stan says with a smile, and Ford hops off the top of the bunk bed, grinning at Stan.

“I didn’t take you for someone who’d practice safe sex.”

Stan laughs, because it’s funny to hear him say ‘sex’, and also, yeah, that was all true. Ford smiles, and sets his journal down on his desk, along with a pen.

“Well, I’m off again.”

“Off? Where the hell to?” Stan asks, sitting up. Nearly bumps his head again.

“Need to check in the woods, it’s around the time I should be able to spot Wingdexrous.”

“Wing..?- Never mind. Alright, go off and uh, have fun.” Why he continues to roleplay, alone, is beyond him. Or maybe he’s schizophrenic? Stan… really doesn’t want to think about those things he always mentions being real.

Ah. Right.

“Hey, hey, wait, why didn’t you..” Stan swallows, the thought making his hand twitch, “go ‘that’ far?”

Ford’s eyes widen, his cheeks flushing again.

“I, um…” He trails off, and Ford’s always been a horrible, no good, awful liar, and they both know it, so clearly, he’s trying to avoid the subject. Stan makes it his mission to find out, just then.

“It’s… nothing. I just…”

“Come on, Ford. Just tell me.”

Ford glares at him for a moment, but it quickly melts into that deer in headlights look, and Stan frowns.

“I just… he wasn’t- I like someone else.” It slips out, and Ford quickly pushes past him, like it wasn’t something he should’ve said. Stan doesn’t know why, but he grabs his arm, nervously chuckling when Ford looks back at him like he’s just slapped him.

“Look, I can help! Y’know me, great with the ladies, probably uh… great with advice in your department too, right? Who is he?”

Ford’s face turns impossibly redder, and he turns away from him, somehow jerking his arm away, exiting the room silently.

Stan frowns, standing there in the empty room.

It’s hours till Ford comes back, the sun is down and their parents are back as well. They have dinner and do their regular old routine till it comes to going in the same room, together, alone together.

“Ford.” Stan says, and Ford doesn’t even look at him.

“Look, I didn’t mean to upset you. You’ve just uh- been acting weird.”

“Weird? How so?” Ford says, sarcastically. Stan shakes his head. “I didn’t mean that. You know. I’m starting to get afraid of who you’re into.”

Ford glances over at him, his frames catching the light just right, so Stan can’t see his eyes. That is, till he moves to set his journal down next to his laptop, his brown eyes looking at him with some sort of emotion Stan can’t decipher.

“So you figured it out?”

“I- what?” Stan asks, sitting there, feeling a little shell shocked. After everything, he was just going to admit it?-

“God, Stan, I’m not an idiot. You’ve been acting- ugh, you’ve been acting weird too for weeks. I’ve finally made the connections. You used my computer that day and found out. Stan!”

“Woah, woah, woah! I didn’t- I, um,” That was the fun thing about being twins, Stan also sorta sucked at lying. Not as bad as Ford, of course, that is, unless he was under pressure.

Such as now.

“Look, I didn’t- I mean, don’t you think that’s weird, even for you?!”

“Yeah? Well I- I-” Ford stammers, biting his tongue. Stan glances away. “It’s not like I told you!”

“Yeah, but what was I supposed to do after finding out? Act normal?”

“You weren’t supposed to find out!”

“Boys?”

Both jump - it’s their Mom, luckily, from behind the door.

“Fine! Ford’s just testing something!” Stan calls, lying for the both of them smoothly.

“Uh-huh… just keep it down.” She says, then, walks off. Her footsteps fade, and they stare at each other.

“But I did find out.” Stan hisses, “And now you’re stuck with me knowing.”

Ford glares at him, “Plus, you just said you like someone else, yeah? I know it’s me. I’m dumb, but I ain’t that dumb. You still want me?” and then freezes, eyes widening.

“Stanley! I- It’s one thing for me to… be thinking about it, but- you don’t have to tease me about it! I know I’m a freak, I get it, I’ve been told that my whole life, can’t you just ignore this- this other aspect about me?” He whisper shouts desperately, stepping back in alarm when Stan gets up, getting in his space.

“Do you want me to?”

Ford stares at him with dilated pupils, wide eyes. It’s like looking in a fucked up mirror. Stan doesn’t understand why he’s willing in all this. But he is, unfortunately, or fortunately, because he does kiss Ford.

Oh. He’s kissing Ford, right? It barely registers till he feels Ford part his lips, not responding but not pushing him back either, hand dug in his shirt, other against the desk he’s pushed up against for support.

He’s different than Carla; and they sorta just fit together.

He tastes like mint and smells like Irish spring, fresh all in all, and Stan doesn’t know why that gets his skin burning, but it does, and he dives further, kissing him like it’s all he’s ever wanted in life, which is weird, ‘cause he’s only started thinking like ‘this’ due to finding out his brother wanted to fuck him. So, there’s that.

He’s still kissing him, though.

And Ford isn’t pushing him off.

Stan pushes him against the desk till he knows it’s digging into Ford, and rolls his hips against his thigh, making Ford gasp into the kiss - allowing Stan to get further, to drag his tongue along those pearly whites, to nip at his lip, to make him his, because he is his, in every single way.

He runs his hand up his side, grabbing, grabbing no where in particular, just needing to feel Ford as he swipes his tongue along his lower lip, stopping because fuck, it’s really too much, even for him. His ears ring when he pushes up Ford’s shirt, running his hand along the smooth skin there, feeling his heavy breath against his lips.

It’s warm, it’s cool, it’s overwhelming, but Stan manages to kiss him again, dip his hand down and run it over his brother’s dick through his sweatpants, making Ford’s breath hitch and his hand twitch in Stan’s shirt.

God, it’s hot. It shouldn’t be. It’s his brother, but knowing he’s hard because of him - it’s… it’s good. It shouldn’t be good either. But it is.

“Stanley-” Ford hisses when Stan actually gets his hand past his waistband, wrapping his hand around his dick, giving a few strokes. Ford twitches, trembles. He’s pretty like this, Stan thinks.

“C’mon, Sixer.” Stan says, quietly, gravely. Doesn’t even know what’s he’s saying, or asking for, but he probably gets what he wants when Ford groans and bucks his hips, dick leaking against his hand.

When Stan pulls his hand back and kisses him, Ford kisses back, letting go of the desk to get another hand to ruin his shirt with his grip, but it doesn’t matter, because Stan has Ford.

“C’mon.” He repeats, this time ushering him to his bed. He’s held Ford’s hand before; but it feels different this time. He pushes Ford down on it, straddles him like in some cheap porno, and kisses him, grinding down against him. Ford’s still wearing his sweatpants, Stan’s just in his boxers, but it feels good nonetheless, for the both of them, judging by Ford’s whine.

When Stan pulls back, good fucking God, he admires the sight.

Ford’s laying there, fingers dug in the bedsheets, looking up at Stan with wide eyes, wet lips, flushed cheeks, blotchy and red. His chest rising and falling in that tan t-shirt of his, faded logo on it something forrest-y.

Stan can feels his own face redden at the sight. Ford’s… really pretty.

Stan shuffles back a little, tugging off Ford’s sweatpants with urgency, leaving them scrunched around his knees lazily, pulling down those heathered boxers of his. Stan swallows, glancing up at Ford for some sort of reassurance. His glasses are a little fogged up, and he’s blushing even harder, sitting up on his elbows and looking at Stan with a mixture of shock and- and want.

So he pulls down those tight boxers of his, swallowing the excess saliva that pooled in his mouth. He runs his hand over his cock, giving him a few strokes, making Ford grit his teeth and look between his hand and him. Stan wets his lips before finally tugging off his own boxers, groaning as he finally got a little relief, running his hand over the head of his cock.

“I, uh, ‘m gonna try something, ‘kay?” Stan says, and Ford nods clumsily, eagerly. Stan gets a bit closer, slots himself between Ford’s legs and gets his dick between his legs, nudged against his brother’s. He ruts against him, which elicits a gasp from both of them. Stan bites his tongue as he does it again, and again, and eventually moves his hands from Ford’s thighs to his waist, grabbing at him for purchase. He’s so much thinner than him, he can almost feel his ribs when he digs his thumb in, panting.

He's skinny, but not as skinny as the dude in the video. It's a million times better. Ford's a million times better. Not only is he the real deal, but he's what Stan wants.

It’s not right. It almost makes Stan feel a little sick, but the pleasure overwrites that, the need overwrites everything, so he grinds against him, biting the inside of his cheek hard enough to bleed.

It’s not enough after a while, so Stan wraps his hand around the both of them, beginning to stroke, and, fuck, it feels good. Stan groans, and Ford pants and trembles.

“Fuck,” Stan mumbles when he feels he’s getting close. He wonders if Ford is too, so he glances up at him. He’s covering his mouth - fucking hell, what a sight - and staring at Stan. He swallows. He feels that speed it up, yeah, for sure.

“Not gonna last.” Stan admits, leaning forward and kissing Ford after pushing his hand to the side, lacing his fingers with his. Ford makes a sort of whining sound, and Stan’s breath hitches. He pulls back, speeding up a little. Ford jolts a little, then comes, spilling on Stan’s hand and his shirt with a choked noise.

Stan doesn’t last much after that, practically humping Ford as he comes with a groan, dirtying his brother’s shirt even further.

They’re both sweaty; Stan far more than Ford. He still lays down on his bed next to Ford, slumps there, really. Presses his lips in a thin line as he stares at Ford, his glasses still slightly foggy, staring up at the bed above them with half-lidded eyes. Stan takes a chance and kisses his jaw, and Ford shivers, eyes widening just a fraction, cheeks reddening once again.

Stan grins.

He could get used to this.

There’s silence, and it takes an hour for Stan to realize Ford’s fallen asleep. Stan removes his glasses, throwing them somewhere to the side, then wraps his arm around his chest, curling his hand around his shoulder. It almost feels like a one night stand, but it’s not, he knows it isn’t. It won’t be, if Stan has anything to say about it.

It’s nice. Ford’s warm, kinda like a heater. There’s light rain outside, and the comfort of someone next to him is a lot better than a pillow, really.

He really could get used to this.

End Notes

this is the longest fic i've written in years, rejoice ✌️

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